

# **Daddy Mommy's Getting Remarried by Janie Long**

## **Chapter 34**

Released on June 7, 2024

### Chapter 34

Clara remained under observation overnight and had a head CT in the morning. After confirming she was fine, she was discharged. In the cab back to Zwingenrath, Clara contemplated her next move. She would have to return to the hotel. Her belongings and documents were there.

When the taxi arrived, Clara paid and hastily returned to her room. She was startled to find someone in her room. Although the man's back was to her, she recognized him. It was Walter.

Clara was frightened. She took a step back. Why was he here? Did he come to check if she was dead? Did he come to finish her off?

Hearing movement, Walter got up and walked to Clara. His imposing height and open collar made him look fierce. His dark eyes were fixed on Clara.

Walter felt angry when Clara stared at him like he was a stranger. "What? Don't you recognize me? Talk!"

Walter scrutinized Clara. Except for looking paler, she seemed fine. However, her outfit and shoes were all high-end luxury and couldn't be found in common stores. His gaze turned cold.

Clara was expressionless. "What do you want me to say? I'm still alive. Are you disappointed?"

Clara had never acted so coldly. Walter felt uncomfortable. His face turned ugly.

Since Walter failed to answer Clara's call, he had been calling her but she never picked up. He couldn't contact her for the next day. He had Vernon find out where she stayed and had been waiting here. Now that she was back, she took that tone to him. Who had she been with?

"Where's your phone?" Walter asked through gritted teeth.

Clara looked at Water confusedly. Didn't he know? "I lost it."

Walter frowned. He took out a piece of paper from his suit pocket. "Sign this. You can start work tomorrow. I won't hold the past against you."

Clara listened, thinking, 'What did he mean? Did he forget he wants me dead? If I yield, would he spare me? Should I be grateful?' She bowed her head and sneered. She didn't want to die, and she couldn't die. She had to persevere for Marlie.

Clara had already made up her mind. She had to take Marlie away and disappear. She could only endure now.

Clara picked up a pen from the table and signed without looking at the agreement. She handed it to him. "Done. When can I see Marlie?"

Walter was surprised by her ready agreement. Something felt off.

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## Chapter 35

Keeping the agreement, Walter called Vernon. "Bring over a new phone and a new SIM card now."

After hanging up, Walter stared at Clara. Did a man buy her the clothes? Clara wouldn't buy them. She had never bought luxury clothes before, Either Walter gave them to her or she would wear cheap T-shirts. Walter had never seen those clothes and she had left the villa empty-handed.

Walter clenched his fists. Her outfit irked him. He approached her and commanded, "Take them off."

Clara was shocked when he raised his voice. She trembled. 'Why? What did he want?'

When Clara didn't move, Walter decided to do it himself. Clara stumbled back fearfully when he touched her.

Walter frowned even deeper. There was terror in Clara's eyes. 'D a m n it. Why is she afraid of me?'

Enraged, Walter pressed Clara against the wall and cornered her. Then, he stripped her. Even though she shook, Walter didn't stop until the clothes were in the trash. Only then did Walter feel relieved.

Clara wrapped her arms around herself to hide herself. Her back was against the wall. Her back had been badly scratched but her front was fine.

Walter couldn't see her back and didn't notice her wounds. Clara appeared at his mercy. His eyes turned red and his breathing grew heavy. He had her before and knew how irresistible she was.

Walter recalled how she had rejected his kiss and how she might have possibly been with someone else. The thought made him mad.

Walter lifted one of her legs.

Clara exclaimed in panic, struggling to balance herself. She clung to him. What was he doing? She didn't want it. She tried to resist but Walter didn't budge.

Clara grabbed his wandering hand. "No, don't. Not like last time..." She was frightened by that experience. It felt good and not at the same time.

Walter snickered. "Why not? You enjoyed it."

Clara cried out. She couldn't stop him. Despair filled her.

The room suddenly felt suffocating.

After a moment, Walter bit her earlobe. "My turn."

When Walter was about to take her, his phone rang.

Clara was already limp, covered in sweat. Her thoughts were s t t r e d. She turned slightly and glimpsed his phone on the table, Tamara's name was flashing on the screen. "Miss Moss is calling you,"

Walter cursed and left Clara. He picked up his phone, his eyes dark. After a while,

he

e replied, "Gor

After hanging up, Walter was more composed. He threw a towel over Clara so he wouldn't be tempted. Clara sat on the floor, covering herself with it. It had been close. She didn't know whether she should thank Tamara for saving her.

"I'm going out," Walter said, buttoning up his shirt and looking down at Clara. "Stay away from Tamara. Don't provoke her. Since you signed the agreement, do as I say. Got it?"

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